

A Prescription

That is easy to take, within reach of the poorest, and is warranted to cure the worst case of worn out pocket book in existence.

Equal parts of Selection, Thorough investigation, honest Dealing, fair Prices and Enterprise and you have the great trade Elixir. We compound it and keep our patrons supplied. Instances in which all these are prominent are many—

Our Mr. Bassett is now in New York and you can depend on his

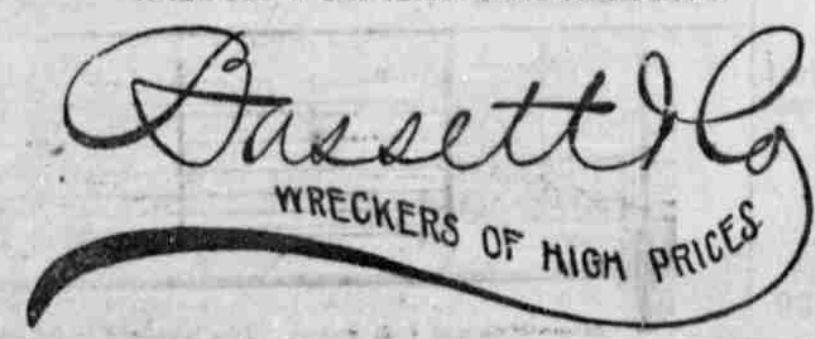
THOROUGH INVESTIGATION of the market and CAREFUL SELECTION of all lines—

Our Advertisement

In hunting for trade is the same in '93 as it was in '92, the same as always before. "Best Goods—Fair Prices." From any shelf, counter or table in the store we can convince you of this.



OPENING DAY IS COMING ---
WATCH FOR ANNOUNCEMENT.



NO FORMALITY WAS OMITTED.

But the Country Marshal, Fred, who was

sent to the wrong man.

Detective White felt a funny story

of a case that happened while he was

in Chicago. A country marshal came

into town to arrest a man wanted with-

in his jurisdiction for embezzlement,

stated his case, but spurned all proffered

assistance from the detective, saying

that he didn't want any detective's

"rigs" on his case, and he guessed

they couldn't give him any "spies"

anyway. A friend of his was to point

out through the glass door of the at-

torney's office the man wanted, and

Mr. Marshall was to go in and arrest

him.

The scheme worked beautifully. The

marshal greeted his man with the self-

satisfied feeling with which a set plays

with his captive mouse, before making

a meal of it, and allowed that his prospective

prisoner wasn't expecting him. He then

deliberately took out the warrant

and read it with many a flourish.

Then folding it, he said: "You are my

prisoner, sir; come with me."

"Well, I guess not," said the man,

the look of surprise on his face turn-

ing to a broad grin of mirth.

"Why, a-w-a-n't you Smith, who is

wanted up in Missouri for embezzle-

ment?" asked the marshal, reddening.

"No, sir; I'm his attorney," replied

the supposed prisoner. "Mr. Smith

is the gentleman who got up and went

out while you were reading the war-

rant to me." Cincinnati Commercial

Gazette.

REMARKABLE GENEROSITY.

A counterfeiter's shift for passing off a

bad five.

A stockbroker, who was on his way

to Brighton recently, observed that

one of his fellow-passengers was close-

ly regarding him, and after a time the

man came over to him and asked:

"Didn't I see you in Manchester in

1877?"

The broker wasn't in Manchester

that year, but thinking to humor the

stranger, he replied in the affirmative.

"Don't you remember handing a poor

devil half a dollar one night in front

of the Exchange?"

"I do."

"Well, I'm the chap. I was hard up,

out of work and ready to commit sui-

cide. That money made a new man of

me. By one lucky shift and another I

am now worth twenty-five thousand

dollars."

"Ah! glad to hear it."

"And now I want to take five dol-

lars in the place of that half-dollar. I

cannot feel easy until the debt is paid."

The broker protested and objected, but

finally, just to humor the man, he took

his five dollars and gave him back four

dollars in gold.

The strange withdrawal, and every-

thing might have ended then and there

if the broker, on reaching Brighton,

hadn't ascertained that the "five" was

a counterfeit, and that he was four dol-

lars out of pocket.—Yankee Blade.

—Green. "How is it, Gray, that you

are always advising every body to mar-

ry, and yet you show no hurry about

taking a wife yourself?" Gray—"Be-

cause, my boy, I'm too much of a gen-

tleman to help myself until every body

else is supplied."—Boston Transcript.

er's affairs, and received a most gen-

erous salary for the position.

As I said, I arrived at my office at

half-past nine, entered the door,

crossed over the room and hung my

ack coat on the nail in a little closet

adjoining the office. In a moment I was

into my duster and busy with the usual

morning correspondence.

At half after ten one of the office boys

came in to tell me that Vantwiller, Mr.

was coming down. I got down from

my chair and went over to his desk, a

very elaborate and handsome piece of

furniture. I arranged his papers, fixed

his chair and turned to greet the head

of the firm as he appeared in the door-

way.

"Good morning, Mr. Thurston," said

"Did you receive my note last

evening?"

"I did, sir," I exclaimed. This note

was one he had sent late on the pre-

vious evening, telling me to be at the

office on the morrow without fail, as he

had most important business to com-

municate to me.

"Well, after I have glanced over the

letters please lock the door and have

the keeper instructed to admit no one

until after twelve o'clock."

This he uttered as he put his hand

into his pocket and drew forth a large

Russia leather pocketbook stuffed with

papers and documents.

"I will call you in fifteen minutes,"

he continued, "and we will settle the

business I mentioned last evening."

I returned to my desk, and began to

look over the New York Herald. When

the quarter of an hour was up, I

glanced over my watch and saw that

he was still busy with his letters.

Presently he took up a piece of

paper and examined it most carefully.

The clock hand crept on to the half-

hour, and not for four minutes had

passed. I do actually believe the old

man forgot that such a person as I was

in the room. Had it been anyone else

I would have interrupted him by a

pleasant remark or so, but I knew the

man my employer was. I had tried it

once before and never forgot the in-

cident.

While he read the document, I gazed

at him in a sort of half-interested

manner, my mind dwelling on the

fact that he would not live much longer.

His appearance readily spoke

that I began to wonder what disposi-

tion he would make of his wealth, for

he was very rich, and whether there

would be the usual fight over his for-

tune. At twenty minutes past eleven,

Mr. Vantwiller laid down his pen.

"Mr. Thurston," said he, "I have

a very important errand for you to per-

form to-day; draw a chair up to the

desk, and I will explain."

I did as he bade. To make a long

story short, the old gentleman had

made his will. He acquainted me with

its contents and desired that I convey

it to his lawyer, on my way home that

afternoon.

"Mr. Thurston," he concluded, "I

hope you appreciate the position in

which I have placed you. You are the

only one who knows the contents of

that paper save myself and my lawyer.

This document must, of course, be kept

absolutely secret until I am dead.

Therefore, in conveying it to Mr.

Brunson, you will, of course, use every

precaution not to lose it. It is neces-

sary that he should have it to-day. If

he is out, give it to Mr. Rollins, his

clerk, with instructions to have it de-

livered to him as soon as possible."

He handed me the document, which

I at once put among the other impor-

tant papers in the pocket of my street

coat, hanging in the closet. I went

back to my desk to finish the morning's

business, intending to deliver the will

on my way up town, that afternoon.

I had hardly resumed my work when

Mr. Vantwiller requested me to go on

some errand for him. The nature of

it is immaterial. It was only down-

stairs, but I was gone about half an

hour.

As I returned, I heard laughter in

the office. Upon entering I noticed

that the banker was entertaining

some friends. Two gentlemen were

there with him, and all were laugh-

ing heartily. The old gentleman ap-

peared very jolly. His mind was evi-

dently undergoing one of those nu-

merous relaxations so frequent in him.

They were just preparing to leave for

luncheon; and while they were talk-

ing and laughing I went over to the

clock and changed my duster for my

coat. As I did so I felt for the papers in

my pocket. They were there all right.

Before leaving I turned at the door

to bid the banker good day; but he was

so engrossed in his attention to his

friends that I did not feel it my place

to interrupt him. So I closed the door

after me and descended into the street.

I stopped at a restaurant to get a

luncheon, and then started for Nassau

street, where Mr. Brunson's office

was. I was in no particular hurry,

having the entire afternoon in which to

deliver the important document, and so

I sauntered along slowly, making plans

for the rest of the day, and thinking

over the conversation I had had that

morning with Mr. Vantwiller. I had

not far to go, however, and soon ar-

rived at the lawyer's office. I sent up

my card and awaited a reply. It came,

saying that Mr. Brunson was not in,

but that the clerk would attend to

everything. The clerk happened to be

my particular friend, Ned Rollins.

"How d'ye do, Thurston?" he ex-

claimed. "No old man has made his

will this morning. Oh! Yes! That's

all right! I'll attend to every-

thing. Just hand it over to me.

Brunson won't be back until to-mor-

row morning. Unexpected business, you

know. How's your sister? Heard

from her lately?"

While he was saying this, I had taken

the bundle of papers out of my pocket.

I stood with them in my hand waiting

for him to finish.

"Yes, Vantwiller has made his will,"

replied I, ignoring his last question.

"Will you please give this document

to Mr. Brunson in the afternoon—that

is, when I find it. Why! I surely put it

in with these papers. Where in the

devil can it be? Let me see, now. I'll

go over the package again. Not my

heavens, man, the will is not there!"

It was even so. Twice I went over

that packet of documents, and twice I

failed to find the object of my search.

My heart seemed to give a great drop,

and a violent throbbing began in my

throat. I knew I must have turned

pale, for Rollins came forward and ex-

claimed:

"Why, Thurston! What's the trouble?

You are as white as a ghost. Haven't

you got the will?"

"For Heaven's sake, don't talk so

loud!" I hoarsely whispered to him.

"Got it?—No! But I had it when I

left the office—at least these papers were

in my pocket, and the will with them,

for I put it there not half an hour be-

fore I came here."

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.



FOLKLORE AND CRIME.

Strango Superstitions That Influ-

ence Criminals.

Ghastly Implements Employed by Thieves

In Their Notorious Business.—The

Dead Man's Hand and the

Corpse-Candle.

One of the most curious and strange

phases of superstition is that which re-

lates to the criminal classes. The

mythic code which regulates the lives

of these enemies of society is in many

cases a survival of the most of the an-

cient kind. Believing tenaciously in the

dead efficacy of certain ghastly charms

and incantations, the malefactor bold-

ly enters on his enterprise occasionally

carrying with him a "dead man's